

H.

She'll not see nor understand the
strange and brilliant stars falling to her chest,
through time

(in confusion)

luminous and red in flood and fire
and further blanks in her hearing (one supposes) as
void is favored, for safety

(days and weeks)

while dialed arc limits the gait from walking or
talking, yet moonlight remains as do
twilight cabins on shore in the mind but reasonable
as glinty foil text grinds
from night-distant work and industrial collections so
many will of course mint lovingly
know.